



M. A. SELBERT,



It's a Waste of Time

To run about town in search of better bargains in Jewelry than we can

give you. And when you waste time you waste money, to say nothing of the shoe leather you wear out.

No other dealer in town has such a large and varied assortment of Jewelry as we can show. No other Dealer can or will sell jewelry as low as we can and will sell it. We want you to remember this when you desire anything in our line. We have some novelties in the way of LADIES' WATCHES. Very cheap, too. You should see them.

JEWELLER.



BRYAN'S STATION.

The Movement to Erect a Fitting Memorial to its Women.

The women of Lexington and Fayette County should join earnestly in the movement inaugurated by Mrs. James H. Mulligan to form a society for the purpose of commemorating the heroic act of the women of Bryan's Station when that place was besieged by Simon Girty's Indian army in August, 1782. The annals of history furnish no grander example of heroism on the part of women.

The frontier history of the West furnished many individual instances of bravery on the part of our pioneer mothers, but there was no other conspicuous example, collectively, than that of Bryan's. The fort was dependent upon the spring outside for water and was caught in sore distress. If the men went out for a supply of water the Indians would shoot them down, but if the women went, it was argued, they would not be molested. Bravely, yet doubtfully, they picked up their pails and filed down to the spring and filled them. Not a shot was fired, and with gradually quickening footsteps they re-entered the fort and deposited their precious burdens. This act they performed knowing that several hundred rifles were pointing to the spot where they filled their pails, yet they never flinched from a duty prompted by love.

How many women of Lexington and vicinity would to-day undertake such a risk? All honor to the women of Bryan's! Their names should be inscribed high upon the roll of fame, and their heroic performance should go ringing down the centuries, accentuated by some fitting memorial. Let our women get together and at once take steps to locate such a memorial.

NOTE—For many years historians have written the name of this station "Bryan's." This is erroneous and the name should be spelled "Bryan's". It was founded in 1779 by Capt. Wm. Bryan and his brothers, who came from North Carolina. "Uncle Joe" Bryan, the horseman, and Dr. Joe Bryan, of this city, are the descendants of the founders of the fort.—*Transcript.*

Mrs. Jennie C. Morton, of this city, is a great granddaughter of Capt. William Bryan and a great grand niece of Daniel Boone. Her great grandmother was a sister of Daniel Boone and the wife of Capt. William Bryan. Her name was Mary Boone and she is yet remembered in pioneer legends as "the brave and beautiful Mary Boone who feared none but God." Mrs. Morton has been solicited to write a poem for the Bryan League at Lexington.

Neighboring Fairs.

The Lawrenceburg Fair came off this week, and the following are yet to be held: Versailles, August 14th; Shelbyville, August 21st; Lexington, August 27th, and Paris, September 4th.

The Recent Strike.

The Los Angeles, California, Times-Eagle published the following article during the recent railroad strike, which about covers the case:

Here's a state of things now, isn't there?

Everybody except the Eagle people gone on a strike—no mail from you fellows girls; no butter from the ranches; no alfalfa from the patches of green up in San Berdoon county; flying wheels going clankety-clank over the shining rails to New York and back again; no pennons of smoke trailing back over the big locomotives; no flying shuttles in the web of commerce; but sullen people pouting and bucking at things just perfectly awful, and the country going to hell on a hand sled.

Now, look here, you great, good-natured, sensible, level-headed American people—if there are any of you left—aren't you ashamed of yourselves? Is this republic which we have been glorifying for these hundred years or more going to let itself get all tangled up in a knot over a thing so utterly unfair, unkind and unmanly as that devilish importation from Ireland called a boycott? Has the true-born American citizen, reared under our bonny banner of stars, nothing better to be doing than to make war on the lame, the halt, the blind and the innocent by the institution of a boycott?

Is that same free-born citizen of Columbia's beautiful land of glory and valor satisfied with himself, when he picks up the boycotting cat-o-nine tails and lashes his supposed enemy across the faces of the mothers of men and the babes that slumber in their arms?

Men of my country! where is your bravery, your gentle chivalry, your manliness, which has been the pride of God's chosen land? Where is your spirit of kindness and charity, that was wont to emblazon the name of America with an ineffable glory?

Stop and think awhile what you are doing—of the agony that arises from your hard-headedness, of the tears that are brimming over in beautiful eyes because of that dastardly and miserable piece of crime and cowardice called a boycott!

The Eagle knows you boys might well down there along the double ribbons of steel. He is no stranger to the toils and cares and trying anxieties of the men of brawn and bronze who run the great railways of America; He knows you to be as brave and resolute a lot of fellows as ever pulled a throttle, set a brake, or threw a switch; but sometimes you get together and sort of hold conventions and get rattled.

You don't think, sometime, but the Eagle wants to tell you, boys, that right now is a time when the thinking machinery should be boiled around and worked down to the last notch in the southwest corner of the cab. This is a ripe old occasion that calls for a suppression of the feather-head and the rattle-brain, and the coming to the front of you railroad fellows who have nerve and horse sense.

It is all right to hold noisy sessions sometimes, and "fire the old man," promote fifteen or twenty other fellows, build branch lines to the moon and divers stars, regulate the board of directors and slam the infernal old time-card around until the 6 p. m. train don't get in until 10 o'clock, and the Squeedunk local doubles back four times a day; but right now is no time for these conventions under the lee side of water tanks. Get out and talk things over with yourselves and find out where you are at; for, boys, you are making lots of misery, and the Eagle Bird is willing to bet a favorite feather that you don't mean it.

You shouldn't forget, old chaps, that there are blue-eyed baby girls calling for papas and mamas that can't get home to them because of the tie-up; there are poor, old, worn-out fellows out of money, discouraged, disheartened and dismayed, who want to get out to that home on the big prairies, where the old-fashioned roses flame about the porch and the honeysuckle fills the air with sweet-

ness; there are dear old grandmas, hungering for a sight of the faces they cannot see because of you; there is disappointment and grief all up and down the steel-belted highways—hunger, want, despair, staring a ruined people in the face because of a piece of foolishness which you are deadly ashamed of, and you know it.

Swallow your pride, boys, and go back to work! Unshackle the wheels of commerce; loosen the gyves from the wrists of trade; start up the fires under the blackened boilers, and get things moving!

For you are just everlastingly dead wrong, this time, and nobody knows it better than you do!

Say, boys, don't you know that God Almighty must hate a coward something awful!

And don't you know it is the most pusillanimous thing imaginable to let yourselves be crowded along in a current that your manliness, your good sense and your honest hearts tell you is wrong?

And knowing that, don't you know nothing can make you right, not even the winning of a fight?

The laws of fairness, justice, equity, truth, are absolute and as true as a die. Honesty by men, singly or in bodies, is the best policy as a straight business proposition. No cause can long succeed that is based on any other foundation than the rock-ribbed one of eternal justice. A boycott can never be right because it is the very sum and substance of the hasty thing to injure innocent people—to reach out with octopus-like arms, and crush those not parties to the contest.

Follow the boycott to its logical conclusion and it can single out any family in America and starve every member of it to death—the babe aslumber on its mother's bosom, along with the household's head. For thousands of years the devil has been brewing a hell broth to pour into the emotions of men, and the result is that damnable and dastardly thing, that cruel, merciless, hell-fired creation of a satanic craft and cowardice called the boycott!

Out upon it in whatever form it takes, for it is utterly wrong, utterly merciless, utterly unmanly, utterly unjust!

God Almighty, give us men too noble, too brave, too independent to be coerced or cajoled into doing a thing that would blacken the consciences of the imps in hell!

Remember that patience, kindness, generosity, charity are the proper attributes of men; that the laws of justice and honesty between man and man are as fixed as the eternal stars; that wrong can never be right; that love has conquered millions of hearts that the sword could never pierce!

Come back to this vexed and impatient and O, sound of the flying wheels! Come back the woo-oo ooooo of the big whistles across the moonlit plains and among the shadow-filled gorges! Come back the rhythmic music of the rails that shine and shimmer like ribbons of silver in the sun as the speeding trains speed on! Come back the bustling crowds of happy men and women going to and fro across a land of peace! Come back, you denuded men of toil and weave the web of commerce! Come back, the smoking chimneys, the blazing forges and the tattoo of the happy hammers! Come back, O, happy days of peace! Come back, come back.

THE EAGLE.

Recovers His Speech.

Alphonse Hempling, of Summit township, Butler Co., Penn., made an affidavit that his twelve-year-old son, who had had St. Vitus Dance for twelve years, lost his speech, was completely cured after using three bottles of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve, and also recovered his speech. Thousands testify to wonderful cures from using it for nervous diseases, dyspepsia, nervous debility, dullness, confusion of mind, headache, &c. Four doses of this Nerve cured Mrs. W. E. Burns, South Bend, Ind., who had been suffering with constant headache for three months. Trial bottle and elegant book free at J. W. Gayle's.

JACOB SWIGERT & CO.,

INSURANCE AGENTS.

Have Removed From the Batzell Building

—ON MAIN STREET, TO—

101 AND 102 ANN STREET,

Basement of the Capital Hotel.

They will fill this space with an entire new advertisement in a short time.

THE NEW F. F. V. LIMITED.

Important Change in Schedule of the C. & O.'s Pet Train.

Commencing Sunday, May 13th, the F. F. V. Limited will leave Cincinnati daily at 12.20 noon, arriving at Washington at 7.40 a. m., Baltimore 9.00 a. m., Philadelphia 11.20 a. m. and New York 1.40 p. m. The train will consist of Composite Car, Elegant Day Coach, with Smoking Compartment, Dining Car, Pullman Sleeping Cars of the latest and most improved design, and an Observation Car. Emphasis is especially placed on the Observation Car. Built by the Pullman Company from Chesapeake and Ohio plans, the F. F. V. Observation Cars serve their purpose better than any others that have ever been constructed.

As the F. F. V. Limited is the only train having an Observation Car attached, it necessarily follows that the Chesapeake and Ohio R'y alone has scenery interesting enough to demand an Observation Car. The F. F. V. Limited is the only train running through from Cincinnati to New York that enables the business men to transact business in Cincinnati one day and New York the next. It is the only train for Jersey City Coast resorts, which are reached by the F. F. V. at dinner time instead of in the evening. It is the only train that enables business men to transact business in Cincinnati one day and reach Washington for breakfast the next morning. It is the most desirable train for New England resorts, connections being made in the Union Depot in Washington with the Colonial Express running through to Boston which reaches New Haven 4.10 p. m., New London 5.30 p. m., Providence 7.15 p. m. and Boston 8.30 p. m. The F. F. V. is the only modern train lighted throughout with Electricity, carrying a Dining Car and an Observation Car.

The Washington and Atlantic Express, also an Electric Lighted Vestibuled train, will leave Cincinnati at 7.00 p. m., reaching Washington 2.40 p. m. and Old Point Comfort 6.00 p. m. Connection is made at Washington with the Boston Express or the Limited, reaching New York about 9.00 p. m. At Norfolk connection is made with the Old Dominion Steamship Line, reaching New York 3.00 p. m. the next day.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Award.

THE BIG FOUR ROUTE

Has the Best Terminal Facilities at Chicago.

All trains enter Chicago on the Illinois Central tracks along six miles of the Lake Front through the most picturesque portion of the city, and land passengers in the magnificent New Central Station on Twelfth street and Lake Front. This station is convenient to the Auditorium, Richelieu, Victoria and Leland Hotels and within two blocks of the State and Wabash Street Cable Lines and the South Side Elevated Railway. Convenient stops are also made at Hyde Park, Thirty Ninth street and Twenty Second street Stations.

Magnificent Vestibuled Trains, Parlor Cars, Wagner Sleeping Cars, Private Compartment Buffet Sleeping Cars and Superb Dining Cars. No transfer across Cincinnati to make connections.

Your ticket should read via the Big Four Route to enjoy these privileges. E. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traffic Mgr.; D. B. MARTIN, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt. Big Four Route, Cincinnati, O.

The Queen and Crescent Route

Invites inquiries in regard to Summer Resorts on its line in the picturesque mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama. The line passes near the famous battle fields at Mill Springs, Mission Ridge, Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain. They are surrounded by charming summer resting places at Burnside, Cumberland Falls, High Bridge, Rugby, Rhea Springs, Lookout Mountain, Springville, Alabama, and other points.

Low railroad rates—Charming mountain homes—Perfect rest and quiet.

We invite correspondence, cheerfully giving the information desired, for the purpose of having you arrange to spend your summer recreation on our line.

W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
cures Dyspepsia, indigestion & Debility.

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who are thin, hollow-chested, or growing too fast, are made Strong, Robust and Healthy by

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. It contains material for making healthy Flesh and Bones. Cures Coughs, Colds and Weak Lungs. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

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